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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

"TOWARD A BETTER AMERICA"

WHEN REPUBLICAN leaders late last winter decided to formulate a new long-range party program, they were still smarting from the rebuke to the Administration suffered at the polls. Their morale stood much in need of bolstering. It was in this political atmosphere that a Republican Committee on Program and Progress began its labors. Since then the newly-elected Democrats have failed to do anything startling, despite their numerical preponderance in Congress—nor have they succeeded in bringing forward any Presidential candidates with a strong and nationwide political appeal. On the other hand the Nixon and Khrushchev visits, plus the prospect of the Eisenhower Russian visit around the time of the national conventions, have greatly brightened the immediate outlook for the Republicans. Will this tend to dilute the changes involved in their new program or will they persevere in their resolve to be far-seeing?

The report of the Program and Progress group has now been completed but it is being released to the nation's press piecemeal—then in turn to the American public in brief summaries. At present writing, the chapters on "Human Rights and Needs" and "Economic Opportunity and Progress" remain to be disclosed. Even so, and although these subjects will undoubtedly provoke the most debate, it is possible to make out the broad outlines of the committee's general approach.

Since this six-months' study enjoys the unanimous backing of the Republican National Committee and certain aspects represent a victory over the opposition of the Old Guard, its recommendations do tell something of the outlook of the influential, forward-looking elements in the party. The injunction to welcome change ("when change means progress"), and the emphasis on the duty of the federal government to aid those who cannot help themselves represent new accents for the Grand Old Party. So, too, is the assertion that Washington has a responsibility to assist those who lose their jobs through automation or other economic forces—and to help provide training to prepare them for other jobs.

But there are also familiar warnings against government paternalism, and the advocacy of prudent use of government moneys, a balanced budget and a reduction in the national debt, all of them indisputably worthy objectives. With generalities of this kind it is not immediately clear what happens when certain objectives come into conflict. Not that those cited so far necessarily have to, but in a period of national financial stringency like the present it is all too easy to think of important social projects that would be rejected or cut way down for economy's sake. The Eisenhower Administration's continued emphasis on balancing the budget supplies a clue as to the way such conflicts might well be resolved under a new Republican Administration.

IN THE chapter on the "Impact of Science and Technology" there is a full-fledged recognition of the importance of research that spells a chance from the earliest days of the Administration. In fact, the statement deplores the "lack of understanding of the role of science and engineering in our society." It also calls for educational reforms and the provision of adequate facilities for scientific research—things about which since sputnik there has been much talk and inadequate tangible accomplishment. The business orientation of a number of the committee members is manifest in the provision about inventions made as a result of the support of public funds. In this case the govern-

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ment itself would have rights to royalty-free but non-exclusive use of such inventions, while commercial users would pay royalties as with any other patent. In general, except perhaps for weapons, the Republicans favor private research (subsidized largely by tax relief) over straight government research work.

In the portion devoted to "National Security and Peace" the committee favors the maintenance of strong defenses and the continuation of the Eisenhower foreign policy generally. That goes for that policy's positive as well as its negative aspects. It reflects the current emphasis on negotiating and the hope that the Soviets will agree to a ban on nuclear weapons tests policed by international inspectors. Press summaries have little to say about the relevance of foreign aid to national defense beyond the recommendation that there be a progressive shift from outright grants to an increase in foreign trade and "extended private investment and loans." There appears to be little emphasis on technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries of Latin America and the Afro-Asian world under this heading.

This forty-four-man committee of business executives and others has produced a well-drawn statement intended to appeal to independents and to progressive Republicans alike. It is designed to serve as a basis for the 1960 party platform. It goes further than any Republican platform of the past in recognizing Constitutional federal responsibility for the general well-being. If the Democratic Advisory Council or some more representative agency of the loyal opposition comes up with comparable statements, the 1960 elections could supply the unusual spectacle of a widely enlightening political debate.

THE PACKAGED ANSWER

IT IS NOW evident that the T.V. quiz shows were conducted dishonestly. All those who had looked upon them with a cynical eye have now had their cynicism justified. And those who accepted them at face value recognize that they have played the part of dupes, that they have been manipulated.

The testimony that has been given before the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight made clear that such highly popular shows such as "Tic Tac Dough," "Dotto" and "Twenty-One" were rigged much of the time. The reason given for rigging the show was simple and obvious. Mr. Enright, who was involved in producing several of the shows said that "a degree of deception is of considerable value in producing shows." If the show could attract and hold a large audience it could, thereby, attract and hold the sponsors. As it did so, the argument runs, it pleased everyone involved: the network, the sponsors of the show, the producers, the contestants, and, of course, the audience. And what, it has been asked, is the harm of rigging the show?

More than two years ago, when the quiz show was at its feverish peak, we referred to it as one aspect of the American dream. The American dream of material success, we wrote then, "is expressed in Franklin's autobiography and the gospel of work, but also and more accurately, perhaps, in the Horatio Alger tales. Ragged Dick had sterling qualities to be sure, but so did every American boy. The one thing needful, in the Alger version of the myth, was to be in the right place at the right time—to save the millionaire's daughter from the runaway horse, for example, and thus, through luck and pluck, be made president of the company. This is the pattern of the quiz show success. Fame and fortune lie in the lap of the gods, and the best preparation for the moment of greatness is simply to be alert and ready for the call."

Now, as it happens, something more than pluck and luck was involved for many of the contestants, something that can fairly be called collusion. Once again the American dream has not accorded with the reality, which is somehow less appealing and less simple than one had thought it.

While there are still uncertainties and strong differences of opinion concerning the quiz shows, about some aspects there can be little doubt. The shows were dishonest in that they purported to present what in fact they did not. And the responsibility for the dishonest presentation is widespread. It is clear that while some people admit, and even defend, the rigging of the shows, other people are doing their best to disclaim any knowledge or responsibility.

The entire affair could be dismissed, of course, as merely another encounter with the harsh realities of our world. Let us forget about it and tune in on another Western, another detective story, another variety show. Unfortunately, the unappetizing aura which surrounds the T.V. quiz programs will cling tenaciously to other T.V. shows. The quiz shows are merely the overt symptoms of the dangerous disease to which the entire T.V. industry is exposed: every man, every idea, every show can be made subservient to one goal—the sale of the advertisers' product. Increasing—or declining

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—sales have become the barometer by which we measure the value of the show. All who participate in T.V. shows must in some way cope with this fact. It cannot be surprising that the way some people cope with the problem is by compromising with principles.

Although charges of perjury hang over some individuals, no law was broken by the people who rigged the shows. But real moral obtuseness is manifested by those who defend the practice, and moral confusion is shown by those who invoke charges of censorship when it is suggested that T.V. programs be checked. These are matters of grave concern to our entire society.

BRITISH ELECTION

THE IMPRESSIVE victory of Prime Minister Macmillan's Conservative party has been greeted with satisfaction in Bonn, New Delhi and Moscow, to name only the most diverse of the national capitals which have commented. At home in Britain the satisfaction must be equally keen, judging from the popular vote, and equally widespread across class and geographical lines.

Balancing this general approval, of course, is the bewilderment and discouragement felt by Labor party leaders. Early statements indicate no agreement among the losers as to why they were defeated and, perhaps more significant, no agreement as to the future course their party should follow.

Some observers see in Labor's third successive rejection at the polls a repudiation by the voters of the doctrinaire Socialist theory the Labor party has been identified with. In support of this theory is the fact that some of the most extreme socialists on the Labor ticket were among those most decisively beaten. Laborites who lean to this view of the election results believe that the best course for their party would be a drastic overhaul of Labor aims and principles in the direction of "middle of the road" economic and social theory and away from radicalism and socialism. The Labor party's insistence on the nationalization of industry, for instance, would be jettisoned completely in this kind of reorganization.

Other Labor spokesmen, however, have responded to the defeat with a quite opposite determination. The one hope for a resurgence of Labor strength, they say, lies not in pallid "me too-ism" but in an even more aggressive attack on Conservatism at every point. Most commentators doubt this analysis, and cite the doubling of the Liberal party's popular vote. These new Liberal votes, it is argued, represent Britons who were opposed to Conservative policies but would not give their votes to Labor as an Opposition party.

Whatever the exact state of Labor's situation, it is obvious even on this side of the ocean that Mr. Gaitskill's party has suffered a disastrous setback, and that it faces a future which is bleak indeed. One of the most serious developments since the recent debacle at the polls, in terms of Labor's future, is the apparent disorder in party ranks. With various leaders calling simultaneously for more and less aggressive opposition, and others seemingly unable to decide, there seems little likelihood of their working out the positive and coherent program which everyone agrees the Labor party needs.

Mr. Macmillan and his government can begin their work, then, with satisfaction in the present and confidence in the future. Their tenure seems safe for a long time to come.

THE TWAIN

ACCORDING to all signs the free enterprise vs. Marxism argument which waxed so warm here between Americans and Mr. Khrushchev is to continue. His visit to the United States does seem to have given him certain lasting impressions. Only the other day, for example, Khrushchev had his say about the wasteful way Americans use cars—he was way out in Vladivostok, Siberia. Once again he gave things a Marxist-Puritanical twist to deflate an American achievement. The seriousness of intent reflected by his remarks could convey one more implicit warning to the West.

Khrushchev began by telling the local crowds that the U.S.S.R. would not attempt to compete with the United States to see who could produce the most cars. The Russians would do things differently, eventually setting up taxi pools for Russian workers instead of permitting them to drive in their own or in a neighbor's car to their jobs. "We shall produce many cars, but not just now. We want to create a scheme for the use of motorcars that will differ from the system prevailing in the capitalist countries where people argue, 'this is a lousy car but at least it is my own.' In our country cars will be made more rationally than in America." There is not even a hint here that when that day comes some Soviet workers might like, now and then, simply to take a little ride.

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AS CHIANG SEES IT

IN 1960, according to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Nationalist forces will "rid the mainland of Communists." Chiang went on to declare that the Peiping government rests on a volcano of dissension, that the collapse of the Communist regime has already begun, and that next year will see a military offensive from Taiwan, led by himself, coupled with an anti-Communist uprising on the mainland.

These statements were made by Chiang on the anniversary of the 1911 revolution which established Chinese independence, the tenth such anniversary the Generalissimo has observed on the island of Taiwan and obviously an occasion of deep and bitter feeling for him. It is understandable, in view of the circumstances, that the Nationalist leader should indulge in such proclamations, but it is disturbing too, in that it indicates the unreality which marks our own Far East policies.

As recently as a year ago, in response to U.S. urgings, Chiang formally renounced the use of force as the principal means of recovering the mainland in a joint communique issued by him and Secretary of State Dulles. But he seems not to feel committed by this or other agreements with the U.S. Whatever his predictions of invasion may mean, and whatever the Chinese Communists and others in the Far East may make of them, he continues to issue them regularly.

There is bravery in Chiang's words, and an indomitability which must be admired; still, they are pathetically out of touch with the unfortunate facts of the Chinese situation and they reveal an irresponsibility which is of great potential danger. Another irresponsibility, also of great potential danger, is the U.S. policy which leaves the incendiary question of the two Chinas, involving the peace of the entire hemisphere, so much in the hands of the Generalissimo on Taiwan and the Communists at Peiping.

JUST SIGN HERE

IT HAD TO HAPPEN, and it finally did. A young man of negligible means procured a credit card and, for the space of five weeks, lived in the world of wealth and success. Nineteen-year-old Joseph Miraglia obtained a "Carte Blanche" credit card, a card which enables its bearer "to cash checks in hotels, charge hotel services, transportation, meals, gifts, tickets."

Mr. Miraglia cashed checks in Montreal, Las Vegas (where he became a winner), Miami and Cuba. Before he was arrested in a luxurious hotel in New York he had managed to "spend" approximately $10,000.

This excursion is a comment on young Mr. Miraglia, of course. But it is an even more incisive comment on certain aspects of our national culture —the lure of material success, the easy pleasure, the payment that can be postponed. Mr. Miraglia has merely acted out the daydream so temptingly purveyed by our culture.

JURIES ON TRIAL

ON THE FIRST day of its new term, the Supreme Court, by refusing to review a lower court decision, has opened a new front in the struggle to extend voting rights to Negroes. The decision in question concerned the trial of Robert Lee Goldsby, a Negro who was convicted of murder in Carroll County, Miss. More than half of the population of Carroll County is Negro, but there are no Negro voters registered in the county. On the grounds that Negroes are thus systematically excluded from serving on juries and that the juries are, therefore, unconstitutionally composed, Mr. Goldsby's counsel sought his release.

Last January, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit held his conviction void. "We cannot assume," ruled Judge Richard Rives, "that Negroes, the majority class in Carroll County, have en masse, or in any substantial numbers, voluntarily abstained from registering as electors." The alternative was, as the defense counsel contended, systematic exclusion of Negroes from the juries of Carroll County.

In petitioning the Supreme Court to review this decision, Joe T. Patterson, Mississippi's Attorney General warned that if the decision were not reversed all Negroes in the districts to which the ruling applies would be rendered "immune to successful prosecution for any and all crimes." He also stated that all Negroes had voluntarily refrained from trying to be qualified as jurors, and that he knew of no legal means to force them to seek such qualification.

The answer to Mr. Patterson's fears and unconvincing argument lies in the near future. When the Negro no longer finds unfair obstacles placed in his way, he will register, vote, and become qualified for jury duty. If the responsible officials wish to have properly constituted juries they will see that the obstacles are removed.

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The People of India

Although the typical Indian village may be desperately poor, it is nevertheless full of beauty

By BEDE GRIFFITHS

IT IS DIFFICULT for a European, and I would think still more so for an American, to form any real idea of the poverty of India. Even after four years' stay in India I still find it difficult to take the full measure of it.

One can perhaps begin to form some idea of the standard of living by saying that the average wage of a farm-laborer or unskilled worker in the country is a little more than a rupee a day, or about twenty-five cents. This is considered a living wage for a man and his family. The corresponding wage of forty rupees a month (about eight dollars) is the normal wage of a low-ranking post office official, policeman, soldier or school teacher. This may be called a minimum living wage, which rises to sixty and eighty rupees (i.e. twelve and sixteen dollars) as you ascend the scale. A doctor or a professional man of any sort may get two or three hundred rupees (sixty or eighty dollars), but he is far above the level of the ordinary man.

How do people manage to live on eight dollars a month? Well, one must consider first of all their houses. The ordinary villager lives in a little cottage of mud walls, which are baked hard in the sun and become almost like brick, and a thatched roof. The floor is of earth, which is painted with a solution of cow dung as a disinfectant and is very clean and pleasant. Many of these cottages are not more than six by six by six feet and have no windows or lighting of any sort, except what comes through the door.

In this single room the cooking is done and the family sleeps and eats. Except for a few pots, either of brass, which are kept beautifully polished, or of plain earthenware, there is no furniture at all. It is a universal custom, even among those who can afford something else, to eat and sleep on the floor. Beds are common among those who are a little better off, but tables and chairs are still the luxuries of those who strive to imitate the West. There is generally no sanitation at all.

The ordinary man lives on rice and curry, and if he has one good meal a day, this is considered sufficient. But many cannot afford rice, which is often expensive, and they live on some substitute. In Kerala it is tapioca, a root not unlike a potato and of about the same food value. In Mysore it is ragi, a grain which grows very easily and is very sustaining. In addition there are vegetables and fruits, though their food value is often not very great, and some people have a little meat or fish. Milk is very scarce, and butter and cheese are unknown, except in the form of ghee, which is taken with rice and curry. There are millions of cows in India, but the average cow does not yield more than about three pints of milk a day. Eggs are very rarely seen.

IN REGARD to clothing, a man wears a dhoti, a piece of cloth wound around the waist and going down to the feet, and a woman wears a sari, a single piece of cloth covering both the upper and the lower part of the body. Most men now have a shirt, which they wear when they want to dress up, but at home they prefer to go naked to the waist. I have found that even doctors and people of some position will discard their shirts when they want to relax at home. Until recently it was customary even for women to go naked to the waist in many parts, but this has altogether ceased now. It may be mentioned that these clothes are always kept beautifully clean, and the shirts, which are always worn hanging down outside, even over trousers, have a certain style which gives an air of distinction.

In fact, though what I have described may be thought to represent the poorest level of existence that it is possible to find, it would be a great mistake to think that it is lacking in beauty and dignity. The Indian villager lives very close to nature. Going bare-

Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., author of *The Golden String* and a frequent contributor, is now in Kerala, India.

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foot and bareheaded (against both sun and rain he wears a towel which is wrapped round his head like a turban and put on and off at need) and frequently, as I have said, bare to the waist, his body has a beautiful natural poise and dignity. Many of the men are strikingly handsome; their skin in Kerala is of a rich bronze color, and though they are generally slight in build their bodies are graceful and well-made. It is only when one lives in a country like this, I think, that one begins to realize the beauty of the human body and to understand what it must have been like to live in fifth-century Athens, so much so that I have often wondered that Kerala has not produced a school of sculptors.

The women have a quiet, grave kind of beauty and their saris are often in the most strikingly beautiful colors. They have the custom also of carrying waterpots on their heads, which gives their carriage a superb dignity. One of the commonest sights is to see the women gathered round the well, with their brass waterpots all shining brightly and their bright colored saris, reminding one of a scene from the Old Testament.

It can be seen from this that though the Indian village may be poor, it is nevertheless full of beauty. One must remember, too, that the villager lives most of his life in the open. His house is for protection from the rain and for cooking and sleeping, but his life is lived in the open under the sun. All this beauty—the palm trees and fertile fields of rice and large shady trees by streams of water—makes one think of Paradise. There is certainly a serpent in this Paradise, but it still has something which has been practically lost in the modern world.

In addition to this external beauty, there is also a deep interior beauty in an Indian village, which few people suspect. The Indian family is one of the most beautiful things in the world. An Indian village is made up of families which are held together in the closest bonds of affection. Unfortunately, the caste system is still very strong in the villages, and one still finds everywhere groups of "harijans"—children of God, as Mahatma Gandhi called them—the "untouchables," who live apart from the rest and cannot even share the same well, and the division between other castes may be equally rigorous. But within the close circle of the caste there is an immense warmth of affection. Every child in a village belongs to a family group which surrounds him with this warmth, and this continues throughout his life. Even if he goes away for a long time, the village still remains his home and he is sure of a place there.

THIS WARMTH of affection is shown particularly towards children. An Indian village may seem very poor and derelict, but it will always be cheered by the sight of children playing. Here again everything is supremely natural. Little children go quite naked, and their elders wear only a cloth around the waist. Children are loved by everybody and grow up in an atmosphere of security and happiness. The elder ones look after the little ones; nothing is commoner than to see a young boy or girl carrying a little brother or sister on the hip—children are always carried on the hip and not in the arms as with us.

Despite all this affection and attention, children don't seem to be spoiled. Perhaps there is too much natural hardship in the life to make this possible, but I think it is more the result of moral discipline. Parents are feared as well as loved, and there is a traditional hierarchy in the family which has to be respected.

This moral discipline is especially evident in the relation between the sexes. Boys and girls after childhood never mix in Indian society; this is true even in the towns, though customs are changing. Even in Bombay I noticed that one saw separate groups of young men and of girls going about, but never mixed groups. According to Indian customs boys and girls live separately even at home. The women often take their meals together after the men. In church the men and women always stand in different places, and they are kept apart in buses and railway carriages.

This has had the effect of preserving a remarkable moral purity in Indian family life. Marriages are arranged by the family and the young couple rarely see each other before marriage. Again customs are changing, but it is remarkable how strong this custom remains. It may have disadvantages from a modern point of view, but it undoubtedly leads to stability in marriage which we in the West may envy. My impression is that the Indian family is more stable, more moral and more affectionate than the ordinary family in the West.

All this leads to a deep psychological security in the Indian character, at least in the villages where the traditional customs prevail. This is something of incalculable importance which we have to set against their extreme poverty. In the West we have raised the standard of living immeasurably, but we have lost that contact with nature and that psychological stability and security which the Indian villager still retains.

There are many people who want to remove the poverty at all costs and never stop to think of the price which may be paid. Yet if modern "civilization" is allowed to break up the stable background of Indian society, as it has done so often elsewhere, it may well be a curse rather than a blessing. For we must remember that with this stable family background there goes in India a deep religious sense. Everywhere among Hindus, Moslems and Christians one finds a deep sense of the religious order of life. I have

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scarcely ever met an Indian in the country who was without this deep natural piety and sense of divine providence in his life. It is this which enables him to endure the poverty and privation of his daily life with dignity and cheerfulness and above all with unwavering patience. These are virtues which no people can afford to sacrifice.

YET NONE can question the need for change; even if anyone were inclined to do so, the change has, in fact, already begun. The old order is changing even in the Indian village and a new world is coming into being. The question is not whether change must take place, but what direction the change must take. We must remember that even at best the Indian villager gets barely enough to eat at present, and if a bad harvest comes, or sickness or any other misfortune, he is immediately brought to the verge of starvation. The life expectancy of a man in India is only thirty-two years, and one child in every four dies before he is one year old. This is the situation which the government of India has to face, and it is trying by every means in its power to raise the standard of living in the villages.

The first great need of the Indian farmer is water. In most parts of the country there is only a season of two or three months rain in the year; for the rest of the year the farmer must remain idle unless he can find some means of supplying water. The government has introduced several large irrigation schemes, which are very costly and will take time to produce any results, but they will eventually make a vast difference.

Of more immediate value is the digging of wells and tanks in the villages. These form one of the elements in the Community Projects, which are being extended all over India and aim at enabling the villagers to help themselves. These Projects aim further at providing better seed and stock and improved methods of agriculture. At present the Indian farmer makes use of a plough, which is simply a forked stick, drawn by two oxen, which only scratches the surface of the soil. It is amazing to discover how even the simplest tools and implements are still almost unknown. A wheelbarrow, for instance, is scarcely ever seen. When a mass of earth has to be removed, it will be carried by women in little baskets on their heads. Loads are always carried on the head—even the porter at the station carries your boxes on his head—and when a road is being built, the concrete will be carried (usually by women) in small loads on the head. In the same way there are no carts or other implements for harvesting. The corn is cut not with a scythe or sickle, but with a little knife (again usually by women), and the threshing is often done by treading out the grain with the feet or by letting the oxen tread it out.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the remedy is to be found in the introduction of modern machinery. It is generally agreed that the use of tractors would simply cause unemployment on a vast scale and disrupt the whole economy of the village. It is rather at the introduction of improved methods which are in keeping with the village economy that the government is aiming. In this it is following out the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi.

Gandhi, it will be remembered, believed that the salvation of India was to be found in her villages. For this reason he made the spinning wheel the symbol of all his work. He wanted to introduce spinning into every village so that the villager would be able to clothe himself and to support himself when agricultural work was impossible. He had no faith in industrialism and the centralized bureaucratic state which goes with it. He wanted the villages to become independent and self-supporting and to learn to govern themselves.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S ideas have now been taken up by his disciple Vinoba Bhave (pronounced, it may be worth remarking, Barway), with the full support of the government and of the other political parties, even the Communists. Vinoba became famous in 1951 when he entered the state of Hyderabad, which was then practically under the control of the Communists, and started his movement of Bhoodan, or Land-gift. In opposition to the Communists he conceived the idea of asking the landlords to give up some of their land to the landless, instead of taking it from them. The result was beyond all expectations. Very soon hundreds of thousands of acres were being donated, and up till now the figure has reached five million.

This is far below Vinoba's goal, for he wants fifty million acres to solve the land problem of India, but it is a significant beginning. He obtained this result by walking from village to village all over India, talking to the villagers and discovering their real needs. He himself is an ascetic, a holy man, such as India has always revered. He gets up every day for prayer at three in the morning, then sets off on his walk

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(until recently it was twelve to fifteen miles a day) and then settles in one of the villages for the day to interview the villagers. He eats next to nothing, living mainly on curds, as he has a stomach ulcer. It is characteristic of Vinoba that he calls this his "blessing," because it has enabled him to reduce his food to the minimum necessary for life.

From the day when as a young man he first met Gandhi, Vinoba has dedicated his life to the service of God, but like Gandhi he has learned that the service of God is to be found in the service of one's neighbor. Perhaps the most characteristic story told of him is that one day when he had spent the whole day interviewing two thousand villagers, in the evening, when he was asked whether he was not feeling tired, he answered simply "I have been visited by God over two thousands times today."

What is Vinoba's plan? He aims like Mahatma Gandhi at restoring the Indian village to its original independence. Now that the first phase of the Bhoodan movement is over and a large amount of land has been given, the emphasis of the movement is rather on "grandan," that is, the "village gift." Whole villages have been offered to him and he seeks to organize them on cooperative lines. The land belongs to the village as a whole and the villagers cooperate in its cultivation. The distribution of the land is made according to the size of families, the amount of land they previously held and other considerations, and thus is capable of a great deal of variation, but the point is that the distribution is always made by the villagers themselves. In effect, they form a kind of independent republic and learn to manage their affairs for themselves.

Vinoba undoubtedly believes that land, like air and water, should be held in common. He regards all alike as the gift of God. If it is objected that this is simply "Communism," I think that it can be fairly replied that it is Christian Communism. It should be remembered that many of the Fathers (notably St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom) held that all land was originally a common gift of God, and only sin had introduced private property. But above all it must be insisted that Vinoba's communism is by free consent.

As a disciple of Gandhi, Vinoba believes in the two fundamental principles of "satya" (truth) and "ahimsa" (non-violence). This makes his movement the exact opposite of Marxism. For by "truth" Vinoba means like Gandhi, obedience to the inner light and the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God: and by "ahimsa" he means that non-violence of any sort may be used in the pursuit of his ideal. He demands the absolute renunciation of passion and selfishness, a renunciation which he himself learned from Mahatma Gandhi.

VINOBA goes even beyond Gandhi in demanding "non-possessiveness." He wants people to renounce the right to private property willingly, because they have overcome the desire for possessions in themselves. What is a Christian to say to this? It seems to me that we must say that Vinoba is asking for the fulfillment of the Gospel, for that renunciation of property which the early Christians made when "all the faithful held together and shared all that they had, selling all their possessions and their means of livelihood, so as to distribute to all as each had need." The only thing we can question is whether the average man is capable of this.

In India, and in the East generally, it must be said, this idea has a strong appeal. The people are much more communally minded, and sharing property comes easily to them. This is one of the reasons why Communism has such a tremendous appeal throughout the East, whereas American capitalism with its emphasis on individual liberty and private ownership has little attraction. I have never yet met an Indian who did not repudiate the Communist methods of violence and its doctrine of atheism, but the communal ideal, the idea of sharing goods in common and working together for the common good, has an immense attraction.

It is impossible to say how this will work out. One fears that Vinoba's idealism will prove too unrealistic and the Communists will step in and take over with their ruthless methods. Yet may we not hope that the Indian village may succeed in taking the first steps towards a cooperative society which is the true Christian ideal?

A society based on the principles of the Gospel, of faith in God, and non-violence, of common ownership willingly accepted; a society in which the individual renounces the exclusive right of private ownership and shares what he has with others, but is guaranteed what is necessary for the well-being of himself and his family; a society of free men organizing their life in cooperation and making themselves responsible for law and order—this is what Vinoba is looking for. He believes, like the Communists, that in such a society the state would ultimately "wither away" and a central government would no longer be necessary. Perhaps that is just utopian, but at present at least he has the full support of the state, and the whole system of education in India is being geared to this idea, by the introduction of "basic" schools, where village children are to be taught their lessons through the practice of some craft, and to have these ideals instilled into them.

I feel that a Christian can only look on this movement with the utmost sympathy and with the prayer that it may be blessed by God. One would like to see more Christians cooperating in it.

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If ever a company asked for a strike,
it was the mill in Henderson, North Carolina

Turning Back the Clock

By JOHN C. CORT

NORTH CAROLINA is generally regarded as one of the more liberal of the Southern states, and few who remember Senator Frank Graham can deny that a state that could elect such a man to public office must have had some appreciation for justice and decency.

Just about thirty years ago, however, Sinclair Lewis wrote a magazine article about a textile strike in Marion, North Carolina. The issues were reduction of hours to fifty-five a week without any reduction in pay, which ran about thirteen dollars a week, and the reinstatement of union leaders who had been fired for union activity. During the strike, there was a set-to between the strikers and the sheriff and his men. The sheriff said the strikers fired first, but strangely none of the sheriff's men was touched, except one who had a scratch on his cheek. Six of the strikers were killed and twenty wounded. Of those killed or wounded by gunfire, all but two were shot in the back, as though they were running away from trouble, not looking for it. There was a trial of the sheriff and his men, charged with murder, but they were all acquitted.

That was 1929. Since then things in North Carolina might be said to have improved. But sometimes one wonders.

For almost a year there has been a strike going on at the Harriet-Henderson cotton mills in Henderson, North Carolina. Unlike the walkout at Marion, this was not a strike for union recognition. Neither was it a strike for higher wages or shorter hours. The union—actually, two locals of the Textile Workers, A.F.L.-C.I.O.—asked only that the terms of their contract be renewed without change. Most of these had been in effect for fourteen years.

Anyone who knows the labor movement will recognize how unusual this is. A union that doesn't ask for a raise or for any other improvement in working conditions is about as rare as a dog that doesn't bark. In fact, it could only happen in a depressed industry like textiles.

The unions so notified the company on August 31, 1958, more than two months before the contracts were due to expire. The company replied that it wanted to change the contracts. But it was not until October 28, less than two weeks before expiration, that the company presented its demands for changes.

"The company demands were surprising to us," said union official Luther Jackson. "Surprising isn't the right word," said Charles Ranes, another Textile Workers leader. "We were shocked."

What was surprising, and shocking, to the union leaders was not that the company asked for changes, which was its right, but that it demanded changes in every single clause except the one on military service, which was simply a repetition of federal law. The company demanded the right to change workloads and set rates of pay arbitrarily on jobs, which would have meant sizable wage cuts, but the most extraordinary of its proposals was a demand to eliminate the arbitration of grievances, a provision which had been in the contract for fourteen years.

A LITTLE explanation is needed here. Without arbitration a contract is practically unenforceable except by slow and expensive recourse to the courts. Under an arbitration provision either party has the right to appeal any alleged violation of the agreement to an outside, impartial expert who has been accepted by both sides as a fair judge. His decision is final and binding on both parties.

Because the company had delayed so long in presenting its demands, the first meeting to discuss them was not held until November 10, the day the contracts were due to expire. Julius Fry, the Textile Workers negotiator, suggested that the contract be extended while negotiations continued. The company replied, "We will extend the contract on a day-to-day basis provided we are convinced that progress is being made toward agreement on the company's proposals, but in no case will we agree to extend the old contract beyond November 15." Note that. The company delayed the start of negotiations on its sweeping and extreme demands until the day the contract expired. Then it demanded that the union surrender within five days or it would declare the contract terminated.

It is a common thing for contracts to be extended

Mr. Cort, a former contributing editor of The Commonweal, is well known for his writings on labor questions.

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for months while negotiations continue on a new one. It is a most uncommon thing for either side to demand that negotiations be terminated, and in its favor, within five days.

It must be the judgment of history that if ever a company asked for a strike, it was the Harriet-Henderson Cotton Mills. Of course they got what they asked for. The two local unions set up picket lines on the morning of November 17; no one went to work and the mills closed down.

For three months they stayed down. And then, as so often happens in Southern strikes, the company made its back-to-work move. John D. Cooper, Jr., president and chief stockholder, announced that the mills would reopen on February 16. He made his preparations carefully. Two days beforehand, he obtained from Judge William Bickett, *in advance,* an injunction which forbade the union and one hundred of its most active members from doing the following things: interfering in any manner with free entrance to and exit from the mill properties; assembling together in motor vehicles or following employees or agents going to or from work; posting more than eight persons in picket lines at either plant; approaching nearer than seventy-five feet to the gates of either plant.

On the morning of the 16th the strikers gathered as near to the plants as they were permitted, to see what would happen. A few minutes before starting time a caravan of state police cars drew up, the troopers piled out to guard the entrance and simultaneously a few cars filled with scabs and strikebreakers came down the street and entered the gates.

The union reported that only fifty-six out of 1,038 union members went back to work. By June this number had risen only to seventy-five. However, the company had recruited a few workers among non-members in the town and it had also conducted a successful recruitment of strikebreakers from farms and other towns, including a good many from Virginia. The union charges that this latter was a violation of the Byrnes Act, which outlaws the importation of strikebreakers across state lines.

The number of state troopers increased to nearly two hundred, about one third of the entire state force. Their practice was to meet the strikebreakers' cars at designated spots some distance from the plants and then escort them to safety within the mills.

THERE IS no question that the strikers fought back. Nearly two hundred of them were arrested for violating the anti-picketing injunction and on other charges, some real, some imagined. Heavy fines and prison sentences became commonplace. Boyd Payton, the union's regional director and field commander of the union side, was beaten up by two men who knocked on his motel room door in the middle of the night. On a second occasion he was the victim of a stone-throwing attack by occupants of another car who drove alongside in a secluded section on the outskirts of Henderson. When he appealed to the state for help in apprehending the attackers, the Attorney General, Malcolm Seawell, derided the incident as "a hoax." Seawell and county sheriff, E. A. Cottrell, refused to do anything about strikebreakers brandishing guns because, as Cottrell put it, "They're not concealing the weapons."

In March Governor Hodges finally intervened in an attempt to mediate the strike. By now the violent struggle had made the front pages of the nation's newspapers. After a month's negotiations the parties came to an agreement, one which was not exactly a victory for the union. The arbitration issue was compromised. Worse than that, the union had to agree that about four hundred fifty strikebreakers would be retained and would have seniority on the jobs they occupied. However, it was understood that about five hundred strikers would be given jobs on the second and third shifts.

Both locals ratified the agreement and Henderson gave way to a night of celebration. But the morning after was a bad one. Cooper announced that three hundred additional strikebreakers had been hired. Only twenty-five strikers were allowed to enter the mills and the rest were told that even when all three shifts were operating only twenty per cent of the company's original employees would be needed.

This time even Governor Hodges, himself a former textile manufacturer, was shocked. He charged that Cooper had "intentionally or otherwise misled" him. He further stated: "The clear impression given me and the mediators was that a substantial part of all jobs on the second and third shifts would be held for returning workers."

The picket lines went back again and Payton accused the company of "a deliberate doublecross." The Governor asked Cooper not to try to reopen the second and third shifts, in view of the obvious likelihood of violence. Nevertheless, Cooper did. The violence followed, and Governor Hodges sent in four hundred members of the National Guard to protect Cooper's strikebreakers. Later, at his urging, the state assembly put through a bill providing for a special appropriation of $750,000 to pay for the Guard's Henderson operation through June. The union urged Hodges to declare martial law in Henderson, which would have closed the mills, but he refused.

In June eight of the union leaders including Payton were indicted and in July tried on charges of conspiring to blow up a power sub-station feeding the mills, burn the general offices, and blow up a mill boiler. It was not charged that they did these things, because none of them was ever done, but merely that they conspired to do so. The principal state witness was a Harold Aaron. He had worked at another Textile Workers mill and,

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ironically, brought charges against the union before the N.L.R.B. when the union refused to take his discharge to arbitration. He also admitted convictions for assault with a deadly weapon, larceny of a police car, impersonating an officer, and several arrests for drunkenness.

He testified that he had met with union leaders to discuss commission of the acts alleged. Mainly on the strength of his testimony the eight were convicted. Four were sentenced to from five to seven years, Payton and two other international representatives to from six to ten years, and one from two to three years. Appeals were taken by the union to the North Carolina Supreme Court and bail for the men was set at $10,000 to $25,000.

The Textile Workers brought charges against the company for refusal to bargain in good faith. These were dismissed by the regional director and the dismissal has been appealed to the National Labor Relations Board in Washington.

A RULING against the company by the full board is the only thing that could save the union in Henderson. The mills are in full production, even though most of the strikers are still loyal to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and pickets walk up and down before the mills, with picket signs that read, "Going for Broke." It looks as though they are.

It looks too as though the bitterness of this strike will be felt in the town for a long time to come. As often happens in a strike in a country town like Henderson, this one has left a trail of broken families and friendships. One striker remarked, "I used to have a sister and a brother-in-law, but when they went back to work, I made up my mind I'd never speak to them again."

In searching behind the strike itself for some explanation of the company's attitude one runs into some puzzling background. In 1951 there was a strike that lasted five weeks, and in 1954 another dispute shut down the mills for seven weeks. Both, however, were settled without bitterness. Since 1954 relations seemed to have improved to a remarkable degree. The union even praised Cooper as an example of enlightened management and commended him for his support of improved minimum wage legislation. In return Cooper often spoke publicly of the responsibility and effectiveness of the union.

Certainly the union's refusal to make any demands on the company showed an almost excessive sense of responsibility. Doubtless they won't make that mistake again.

What made John D. Cooper, Jr., turn back the clock? The union leaders aren't sure, but their most frequent guess is that it was the pressure of his fellow textile manufacturers in the South. Of half a million men employed in Southern mills, the Textile Workers, bucking right-to-work laws, hostile judges and governors even more antipathetic than Governor Hodges, have been able to organize, at the most, only seventy thousand.

Other Southern mills had made demands on the union almost exactly identical with Cooper's. The Hanes Knitting Company in Winston-Salem, for instance, had precipitated an eight-week strike last year over the same refusal to renew an arbitration clause, a strike that led to the disintegration of the union. Textile mill owners in the South, despite a rising demand for their products, seem determined to break the union once and for all.

IT IS IRONIC that at this moment, when workers in the South seem to need additional help from government to equalize the struggle for industrial freedom, Congress should pass a new labor bill that puts even more powerful weapons into the hands of management.

But even so it would be unduly pessimistic to say that things are no better than they were thirty years ago when six were killed and twenty wounded on the picket line at Marion. Certainly there were nothing like seventy thousand union textile workers in the South at that time. And this time the union reports that "Most of the clergymen in Henderson side with the strikers and are not ashamed to say so."

In 1929, the report shows that no regular minister from the town, or from the whole region, would come to officiate at the funeral of the six strikers. Finally, an old mountain preacher, Cicero Queens, stepped forward from the crowd and, falling on his knees, extended his long arms outward and prayed:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, here are men in their coffins, blood of my blood, bone of my bone. I trust, O God, that these friends will go to a better place than this mill village or any other place in Carolina."

"O God, we know we are not in high society, but we know Jesus Christ loves us. The poor people have their rights too. For the work we do in this world, is this what we get if we demand our rights? Jesus Christ, your son, O God, was a working man. If He were to pass under these trees today, He would see these cold bodies lying here before us. O God, mend the broken hearts of these loved ones left behind. Dear God, do feed their children. Drive selfishness and cruelty out of your world. May these weeping wives and little children have a strong arm to lean on. Dear God—what would Jesus do if He were to come to Carolina?"

You would have to change a few words here and there, tone it down a little, delete the references to the dead; but take it all in all, the conclusion has to be that Cicero Queen's prayer is still not inappropriate in 1959.

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The worker-priest remained isolated, unattached, left completely to his own resources

Passing of the Worker-Priests

By ROBERT BARRAT

THE DIFFICULT experiment of the French worker-priest, which has provoked such impassioned controversies, seems now to have been definitively condemned by the Vatican. Cardinal Feltin of Paris brought to Rome in June a report on the problem of evangelizing the French worker—a report which came to the conclusion that the presence of priests working full time in large and small enterprises was necessary in order to respond to the urgent appeal from the French worker's world. A note on the subject, dated July 3, was addressed to the French Cardinal by Cardinal Pizzardo, Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office.

The note from the Holy Office, not made public until September 15, turned down the request for worker-priests. But it went still further; it decreed the cessation of all labor by priests who are factory workers, white-collar workers or sailors and who have since 1952 had the authorization of their bishops to engage in manual labor on the average of three hours a day. Some one hundred priests, who had obtained their bishops' authorization for such work, were affected by this decree.

The importance of this decision can be more readily seen against the background of the events which preceded it. It was in 1941 that a priest from Paris, Abbé Godin, who died in an accident a few years later, published a book whose contents were as startling as its title: *France, a Mission Country*. With a few priest friends he had made a sociological study in depth of several city and country parishes. The picture which he drew, the conclusions which he reached, destroyed a long familiar myth of France as a venerable Christian land.

The voices of the great Catholic writers from Barrès to Bernanos, through Péguy and Psichari, should not conceal the real state of things. For long, France was, like many other countries, undergoing rapid de-Christianization. Not only was the practice of religion, together with the number of vocations to the priesthood, diminishing in regions which were traditionally Catholic, but many *milieux*—scientific and technical—often wholly escaped the influence of the Church. In the cities not more than ten to fifteen per cent practiced their religion, while almost the entire working community remained unevangelized.

A parallel experience later confirmed these conclusions. In 1942 Cardinal Suhard of Paris authorized twenty-five priests to go to Germany with French workers requisitioned for forced labor. One of them, Henri Perrin, was to tell the results of his contacts with his companions in suffering in a very disturbing book. When the war ended, the *Mission de Paris* and the *Mission de France* were founded. Some fifty priests, ten of them order priests—Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans—took off their cassocks and put on overalls. They went to workshops, mines, power plants, and factories to share the sufferings of working men, to bridge the gulf which opened up in the nineteenth century between the Church and the workers.

I still remember a visit I made in 1948 to one of these priests, a rag-picker by trade, in the Paris workers' suburbs. How can I forget the hope of all those humble ones to whom he came to bring Christ, for whom Father D. was truly the symbol of the Church of the poor and the persecuted, of the Gospel containing the Sermon on the Mount? "At last the Church is sending us her priests, men like us," said one of the workers who had come to assist at the evening Mass which was offered in a small room in the narrow apartment.

THAT MANY of these priests, on discovering the great misery of the proletariat, were themselves transformed somewhat into revolutionaries is undeniable. Who would not want to see a change in social structures, institutions and laws upon seeing men and women who remained at the lowest level on the social scale crushed by a machinism and a capitalism that were clearly outmoded? Can it be said that one truly loves his brothers if he is content with dispensing charity to them, with merely giving them alms? Should he not rather aid them in their struggle against injustice and their efforts to bring about a greater degree of justice? At times the worker-priests did become secretaries of unions, did support strikers and did go into

M. Barrat, long associated with the *Centre des Intellectuels Français*, is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Paris.

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battle united with the Communists. Some seminarians of the *Mission de France* even put up portraits of Marx and Lenin on their walls.

A program would have had to be very solid and very well thought out to have avoided some of the deviations which developed here and there. But the worker-priest remained isolated, unattached to any parish, a sort of lonely sniper left to decide what tactics to employ and what weapons to use. Cardinal Suhard had died in 1949, two days after the Vatican had approved the statutes of the *Mission de France* and his seminary. His successor, Cardinal Feltin, was not fully prepared to master the problems which were posed by this apostolate in a vast capital city during the troubled aftermath of the war.

It was, actually, up to the French bishops to correct the mistakes and deviations inherent in so difficult a task: to require that these priests live in groups, have frequent retreats and days of recollection, and refrain from committing themselves on temporal matters without consultation. Many bishops preferred not to hear about worker-priests' activities. But young seminarians and young priests experiencing difficulty in ordinary parish work were frequently steered toward the *Mission de France* or the *Mission de Paris* . . . and the case histories multiplied.

The inevitable happened. French integralist circles had never accepted the new institution. Further, certain rightist political groups became fearful lest this sapling planted in the world of the poor impel the general policy of the Church in a more vigorously anti-capitalistic direction. The denouncers began to complain to Rome. "If you saw the letters we get from France," a young Roman prelate confided to me one day, "you would understand our reactions. It appears that the entire French clergy is about to be infected with the virus of Communism."

In September, 1953 the nomination of Monsignor Marilla showed the direction things were taking. From that time on it seemed clear that Rome had decided on the complete and final suppression of the worker-priests. But two months later three French cardinals went to Rome and obtained permission for the Mission to be continued in a modified form: the working day was limited to three hours, holding office in unions was forbidden, concentration on small enterprises of an artisan type was advocated.

The rebellion of some fifty priests who preferred to remain workers, some of whom later married or became Communists, hardly helped matters. From that time on the Church in France remained in a state of embryo crisis and a certain tension with Rome continued. In 1954 a severe disciplining took place among Jesuits and Dominicans who were believed to be progressists. Not only was Father Teilhard de Chardin forbidden to publish but so too were other men whose orthodoxy was above suspicion, such as Father De Lubac and Father Congar. In 1956-7 there were grave differences between the episcopate and the youth movements of Catholic Action. In 1957 the Holy Office condemned the new and progressive methods of teaching the catechism devised to meet conditions in France—methods which both teachers and families strongly supported.

It is to be feared that the recent note of Cardinal Pizzardo will increase the uneasiness of French Catholic militants, and especially of the militants among the workers. Is it simply a desire to be original that impels the leaders of Catholic Action among the workers and certain French bishops to call for new methods for the apostolate, and for priests who are fully immersed in the world of the worker? To say that would be an insult. What these men have done, rather, is to take into account the scope of the struggle at this stage of man's history. And they fear that the Church may take the wrong path.

FRANCE is still today a mission country. All recent sociological inquiries support this conclusion, and the development of Christian schools in certain regions should not create any illusions in the matter. Those who will be the leaders in our society of tomorrow are not sufficiently evangelized: parishes established in the workers' quarters are reaching only the petty bourgeois; there are no—or hardly any—chaplains for the schools, colleges and technical institutes nor for the world of scientific research.

Still, it seems evident that some in Rome are not persuaded that the French situation is so serious. "It is very difficult to consider as totally de-Christianized masses of men of whom a very large number have nevertheless received the sacred and indelible seal of Baptism," wrote Cardinal Pizzardo in his reply to Cardinal Feltin. Yet what does it establish to maintain that nine out of ten Frenchmen have been baptized when only fifteen per cent of them now assist at Mass in the Paris region and when most French Christians in matters of social morality conduct themselves in accordance with pagan standards.

In the workers' world only five per cent practice their religion and although three-quarters of those between twenty and thirty years of age say they are Catholics, only one-third of these claim to practice their religion. To be sure, that does not sound catastrophic when compared to the situation in many other Christian countries. But, rightly or wrongly, the Church in France to some extent serves as a pilot model. Hence the Roman decision is imbued with a special gravity: For what will be remembered from the Roman document is that manual labor of any sort whatever is "incompatible with the priestly life and duties."

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I do not wish to discuss here the personal merits of the members, lay and Religious, of the secular institutes. All I can say, humbly, as an observer who seeks to be objective on the religious situation in the France of 1959, is that the secular institute strikes me as an instrument poorly adapted to the evangelization of the de-Christianized or, more precisely, the non-Christianized masses.

Is there reason to be concerned about the reactions of the workers' world itself? Forbidding of the clergy to engage in manual labor can only shock the world of the workers, for it seems to them that the Church has thus cast discredit upon their very means of livelihood. "And was not Christ a carpenter, and were not the first Apostles dockworkers at the port of Ostia?" That is one of the comments a worker who is a Catholic made to me very recently. And resorting to an English saying he added: "Rome is about to throw out the baby with the bath water."

NEVERTHELESS several problems remain to be clarified. The Roman document recognizes that the supplanting of worker-priests by new institutions "will have to be accomplished gradually and with all necessary prudence in order to avoid any improvised or generalized change or a dangerous disturbance in the apostolate to the workers." The decree, then, is not to be carried out at once, except in the case of the sailor-priests; bishops having worker-priests under their jurisdiction have at their disposal time to obtain from Rome certain permissions, the terms of which are still to be formulated.

In November 1958 some fifteen bishops had decided, with the approval of Rome, that priests connected with a parish would have the right to carry on artisan-type work at their places of residence. Does the recent decision apply equally to this kind of labor? Would it also affect those priests and Religious who engage in gainful labor on the farm?

At present writing the conclusions reached at the recent meeting of the *Mission de France* and certain interested bishops have not been made public. But the strong reactions of the specialized movements, especially of workers' Catholic Action and of the Mission to the Workers *(Mission Ouvrière)*, who were back of the report made to Rome by Cardinal Feltin, seem to have impressed several French bishops. However, it is not Rome's way to go back on decisions that were as long in taking form as this decree was.

A difficult page in the history of the Church in France has just been turned. "But God writes straight in crooked lines," to quote the poet, Paul Claudel. There is still hope in the hearts of many French Christians that one day the Church will succeed in finding an answer to the grievous problem of the evangelization of the working masses.

THE STAGE

THE CEREMONIOUS OCCASION

IT IS THE darker threads that trouble the lustrous brocade of "Much Ado About Nothing": all else is a tale of fancy bred in the eye and heart and on the tongue, not so ravishingly told as in "Twelfth Night," and wanting Belmont's stately splendor, but withal, a lovely conceit, and an early tracing of that design Congreve's "Way of the World" would embellish with such iridescence, and Jane Austen, in the amorous tension of Darcy and Elizabeth, clothe with all the subtler ironies of egotism and passion. Yet to the Renaissance background of this sexual sophistication—so congruent with contemporary feeling—a modern audience stands unreconciled. It is not alone the somewhat laborious manipulation of contrivance that sets one off: this round-dance of maids disguised as mistresses, of death counterfeited and confidences overheard, all such genial trumpery, not to omit the ubiquitous presence of that Elizabethan man of all work, the amiable friar. Rather it is the intimation of some graver and more searching scheme that leaves one uneasy, a hint, half-heard, that Shakespeare may have intended an obscure comment on that grandest of his recurrent moral motifs—fidelity—but abandoned it to the comic necessity, could not get it into expression perhaps, "drag to light," as Mr. T. S. Eliot has it of the so much more intricately figured "Hamlet."

Dramatically, the point is irrelevant, for any experience of "Much Ado," in the theater or the study, must convict it of a dilatory power, and of failure to propose the sombre substance as more than a velleity. Formally, however, I take the issue to be of highest relevance, shedding light at once on Shakespeare's method and on a peculiar bias of the modern sensibility in relation to Renaissance comedy.

"The story is a hopeless one," Shaw wrote magisterially of "Much Ado," "pleasing only to lovers of the illustrated police papers." He allowed to the dramatist "the beauty and fancy of his word-music," but then barreled along gaily, using the play as a stick to beat about the ears that Shakespeare "great at 'drama,' farce, and fairy extravaganza," but with, absolutely, "no idea of comedy, a want of comedic faculty." The charm of these attacks lies, of course, in their bark: their outrage at the insolence of any dissenter for whom the Shavian theater of opinion seems less than the last word. What the great Irishman fails utterly to grasp is that his English peer could not be more indifferent to opinion as the soil of "character" or even "plot." Indeed, the character element is but casually employed in "Much Ado." Its figures—Dogberry, the incisive Beatrice and Benedick, the flaccid Hero and Claudio,

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and that "most costive of villains" (Shaw again), Don John—move, in the fallibility of their vanity and love, through a chequered maze of truth and delusion. They are seen, neither as psychological nor moral constants, but rather within some ironic Shakespearean perspective and order sorting desire to its own sweet ends. They can bear no serious investiture of weight or speculation; all they imagine about themselves and others will be seen finally, and truly, as 'much ado about nothing.' A "music of unseen motivation," in Mr. Francis Fergusson's phrase, is the harmony against which their mild discords of will must be heard; they are helpless to resist its gentle persuasion. If Shakespearean tragedy moves toward the ceremonious vision of personality exalted and destroying—the expense of spirit—Shakespearean comedy may be said to conspire in a ceremonious vision of its tender subduing. Solitude and death compose the tragic resolution; marriage and a dance—"Strike up, pipers!" are Benedick's last words —celebrate the reconciliation of comedy.

What is technically singular about "Much Ado" is this embodiment of the mythos of comedy, as well as the revelation it makes of Shakespearean and ultimately Renaissance dramatic method. We see how, in both tragedy and comedy, the central situation and the development of it were essentially the same, and how, as Mr. Elmer Edgar Stoll points out, in both there was a duplicity or doubleness of effect. The deceits of "Much Ado," as an instance, might be persuaded to tenderness or to terror: the slander of a woman's chastity, which is here but a pretext for fictitious romantic grief, becomes in "Othello" the machinery of fatality; the bastard Don John, an abstraction of villainy smarting at what he takes to be a wrong in preferment, will deepen into the active ideological anarchy of "King Lear's" Edmund. So it is that we may see the Shakespearean dramatic form, in its less absolute conditions at least, as a medley of tones, without insistent rigor of realism or plausibility, a musical form, its elements moving, at the impulse of the poet, towards disaster or towards light.

There would be, ideally, a style—heedless, abundant, with something of nature's persuasion and flow—within which the poetic reality and truth of "Much Ado" might come into expression, a rash, musical style, stressing the play's abstract design and taking its body, as Mr. Stark Young once wrote of "Twelfth Night," not as the prison but as the shadow, perhaps, of its poetry. The temperature of Sir John Gielgud's production is altogether cooler. It has refinement and proportion, a gentility of address. It stands worthily within the British actor-manager tradition. What we miss is any notable degree of the esthetic sense. Modesty before greatness deters Sir John from imposing personal schemes on "Much Ado," but his humility comes out too often as timorousness or fatigue.

The play has not simply the magnetism to carry itself; it must be given intensity of line and animation. This same indeterminateness afflicts the visual production, with its chaotic assemblage of styles. A motif may begin in loveliness, derived, say, from Piero della Francesca, but come to nothing, no final unity; never does the décor further or extend the play's fantasy and mood. And Miss Margaret Leighton's costumes are wantonly unkind to her, particularly about the shoulders and throat.

The part of Benedick runs counter to the beat of Sir John's intelligence, I must think, and he wants a kind of physical pressure, but the unforgettable headtones are there, the voice a vessel of clarity, obedient to every nuance of the mind infallibly sorting its effects. Miss Leighton plays with a superb elevation. She is perhaps a shade knowing in her comic relation to the audience, but she conveys, as no one I can imagine, a sense of the role's body as well as its poetry. Her performance has, in the last account, a delicious femininity. I sometimes doubt there is a more delighting or accomplished actress in the world than Miss Margaret Leighton.

Nothing of my reservation must impair one's pleasure in the distinction this event of "Much Ado" has brought to our theater. It solves Shakespeare's problem, however, less than it solves Congreve's, and while I dearly relished Sir John and Miss Leighton in their amorous Renaissance combat, what I wished in my heart to see was a Restoration gallant saluting a Millamant come "full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders." *(At the Lunt-Fontanne.)* RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

BUILD, DESTROY, REBUILD

PERHAPS THE most remarkable thing about "Power Among Men" is that it is as exciting as many a Hollywood thriller. For "Power Among Men" is the first feature-length film produced by the United Nations Film Board and the first to deal with the ideas and purposes behind the U.N.

The film's theme ("Men build. Men destroy. Surviving men build again. Sometimes there is no survival.") is developed principally through four episodes. The first of these takes place in Sant' Ambrogio, Italy. The people return to their ruined village near Cassino after World War II and, with determination and some material help from UNRRA, start to rebuild. We see these same people again eleven years later, happy in a district that is reconstructed except for a few war ruins; but they are saddened on this particular day because

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the young men who were the schoolboys at the time of the rebuilding are leaving for military service. Military service—is there no end to the cycle?

The second episode takes viewers to Haiti where uneducated, unskilled farmers struggle with their poor soil until a U.N. agricultural expert starts a garden school and teaches the skeptical workers how to clear the land and get a better yield from the soil. His lessons, opening new horizons for these people, continue with marketing, road building and even cooperatives. Directed with a lively humor by Gian-Luigi Polidoro, who also handled the Italian episode, this episode ends with the departure of the U.N. man who hopes his good start will be developed by the Haitians.

Kitimat, Canada is the scene of the next episode, which starts with shots of the building of a huge dam in the wilderness. Then a hydro-electric station is constructed, then an aluminum plant, and finally the town itself. To this town of Kitimat come workers and their families from thirty-one nations, people with varied national customs, prejudices and antagonisms that flare up and end in rows. But these people must learn to live together, and they do.

This theme is carried even farther in the final episode at the Atomic Energy Institute at Kjeller, Norway, where scientists from all over the world gather to develop the peaceful use of the atom. Although the tour through this international atomic research establishment is interesting, this episode, directed by Alexander Hammid who did better with the Kitimat story, is little more than an illustrated lecture. It does, however, drive home its points: "Not only must we prevent a war, but we must learn to survive in peace," and "today, only the dead can afford not to care."

The four main episodes of "Power Among Men" are linked by quick shots of the work of man and nature at its best and worst—beautiful statues and buildings, some standing in all their glory, some fallen in ruins brought on by war, neglect, erosion. The effectiveness of these scenes is heightened by the film's narration (well-read by Laurence Harvey).

To Thorold Dickinson and J. C. Sheers must go major credit for the conception and execution of "Power Among Men," but their co-workers at the U.N. Film Board and the movies' large non-professional cast of performers also deserve a hand.

ANYONE wishing to pursue further the anti-war theme should see the hilarious English satire called "The Mouse That Roared." It's a sort of a crazy "Gulliver's Travels" about a tiny Alpine country that declares war on the United States. It sends over twenty bow-and-arrow warriors who capture New York (during an air-raid drill) and return home with a scientist who's just invented a deadly "Q" bomb. This throws the major nations of the world into a tizzy, because now they all want to "protect" the little country—as well as its dangerous bomb.

It's hard to believe that war and world-destroying bombs could be the subject for humor, but the script, written by Roger MacDougall and Stanley Mann from the novel by Leonard Wibberly, is a delight. The cast, under the direction of Jack Arnold, make the most of the jokes, although I'm not sure why Walter Shenson, who gave the film its good production, cast Peter Sellers in three roles. He comes through admirably but a couple of other actors would have worked out well too. David Kossoff plays the befuddled scientist with the "Q" bomb and Jean Seberg portrays his attractive daughter who is kidnapped with him. But funnier than the actors are the wisecracks and situations.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

The Labyrinth of Joyce and his Work

JAMES JOYCE. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.

By THOMAS E. CASSIDY

JAMES JOYCE could have a no more understanding, sympathetic, or kindly biographer than Richard Ellmann, who is a learned and respected Joyce scholar, a patient and painstaking researcher, and a forgiving and knowing student of the human condition. His long-awaited book on Joyce has now been published by the Oxford University Press. It is an extraordinary achievement in biography and a brilliant study of Joyce's life and work.

Mr. Ellmann, it would seem, has said it all. He has gathered together the life story of the fabulous Joyce, and has projected simultaneously a study of his work that is both fascinating research and convincing criticism. He explores the detail of Joyce's work, showing abundantly the compelling force behind it—that Joyce experienced every line he wrote, that he filled his books with the events, mostly little, of his own life, with the people whom he had met and known, and with the words they spoke.

The fact is (astonishing to many) that Joyce was an ordered man, with a rigidly ordered mind. His order is that of the cosmos, transposed in words. As such, it is frequently incomprehensible. It often becomes a mystery, which is totally different from obscurity. Mr. Ellmann sees this, and makes this point in his book without formulating it as a thesis. He does not have to. The order he brings to his study of Joyce's life and work is its own explanation of both.

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Joyce's childhood and youth in Dublin were a steady, though erratic, progress toward his self-exile. He was the oldest of the ten children of Mary and John Joyce; his mother was a gentle, loving woman, and his father an uproarious charmer, a "reckless, talented man," gifted and ultimately identified by his son as rather like the life-force itself. Through all his life, John Stanislaus Joyce regarded his son, James, as the only one of his children whom he loved fully, and as the only one who returned that love to him. Each could see himself in the other. The family, as it grew, moved, mostly down the ladder, economically and socially. But James went to the Jesuits for early and preparatory schooling, and on to University College.

He was always an outstanding student, and showed early that he was an independent one. He was also early forming critical attitudes and judgments, not the least of which was his almost casual arrival at the point where he was occupied in "crossing off his Catholicism. . . . It was becoming clearer to him that, of the two ways of leaving the Church that were open to him, denial and transmutation, he would choose the second. He would retain faith, but with different objects."

This was to be his position: one of leaving and not leaving. He never made a drama of his apostasy. In his work, his faith shows itself still present, like a dragon very reluctant to depart, as was the nationalism of the Irishman. Whenever he assailed either, the other caught it too, and all three, the faith, the race, and the man, made a warring triangle of his life. "When did you leave the Catholic Church?" he was asked. "That's for the Church to say." He once suggested to his brother Stanislaus a sort of liturgical explanation of his work:

"Don't you think there is a certain resemblance between the mystery of the Mass and what I am trying to do? I mean that I am trying . . . to give people some kind of intellectual pleasure or spiritual enjoyment by converting the bread of everyday life into something that has a permanent artistic life of its own . . . for their mental, moral, and spiritual uplift."

Philosophically, as far as his faith was concerned, it was another either-or matter: "There is only one alternative to scholasticism, scepticism." In *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*—indeed, in all his work—there is much liturgical, theological, philosophical, and ritualistic intertwining.

After Joyce finished at the College, he began establishing, in a scattered way, his literary career, mainly through reviewing, but he tried half-heartedly the study of medicine, even of voice. He made his first journey to Paris, but returned when his mother was dying. He met Nora Barnacle, fell in love, asked family and friends for financial help, and finally, with Nora, left for England and the Continent to begin the long exile, to leave his father's house "to seek misfortune." Then began, in Pola, Rome, and Trieste, a long and haggard career as Berlitz teacher of English, bank clerk, and, always, writer.

Joyce, in fact, almost became celebrated as a literary figure before there was a great deal of his literature. What there was—and to the end of his life—was surrounded by the most incredible hard luck and agitation to be published, to be read, to be reviewed, to be rewarded. The poems, *Dubliners, Stephen Hero*—all were leading to *Ulysses* by very tortuous roads. Through all the pain of creation and publication, Joyce survived, of course, and even thrived. His children were born; his wife was ever constant; he got along. Georgio, his son, and Lucia, his daughter, were raised, sometimes, it would seem, in a hurry. Joyce always felt that Lucia's later mental collapse, which he never really accepted, might have been brought on by the rootlessness and the hardships of the family in her early years.

The people who helped in those years were legion, and Mary Colum says that Joyce never really "wanted"—that he never knew absolute, grinding poverty. But it is easy to see that he was perilously close for many, many years. His brother Stanislaus, "his keeper," and his many friends, and even people who did not know him, sustained and literally nourished him in his literary and physical extravagances. It was providential that Ezra Pound, his "discoverer"; and Harriet Weaver, his patron for years with a great deal of money, friendship, and encouragement; and Edith McCormick, for a period during World War I, gave him the practical support that he needed. Genius has no official claim or demand on society or individuals, at least not until after death; Joyce was indeed lucky, as he himself, in his rarer happy moments, would recognize.

In the same general off-again, on-again climate of despair and well-being, he spent the most crucial years in Zurich and in Paris, until the publication of the complete *Ulysses* in 1922, by Sylvia Beach ("Shakespeare and Company") and Harriet Weaver. (Episodes had been published in magazines for some time.) *The book* was out. Joyce and the modern literary world were never the same again. The more controversy he and the book aroused, the more satisfied he was. Ellmann fills his pages with the reactions of the great and the near-great, all joining in wondrous thunderclaps for this "work of genius," or for "this mad book." Joyce was beside himself, waiting for the reviews, and his emotions and humor were stirred.

In the meantime, his eyes grew steadily worse, and he submitted to many painful operations. Then, too, he was losing himself in the strange world of *Finnegans Wake*. *Ulysses* was a book of the day, *Finnegans Wake* was to be a book of the night. He spoke, too, of the vast labyrinth of music he would build. (Any approach to *Finnegans Wake* should be through the music of the words.) Joyce's music was always part of his creation.

Of the emerging *Finnegans Wake*, his steadfast brother Stanislaus had only this to say: "You have done the longest day in literature, and now you are conjuring up the deepest night." When the *Anna Livia Plurabelle* episode first appeared, it

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created the greatest excitement. Finally, *Finnegans Wake* appeared, in the war year of 1939 and just two years before Joyce's death. The reviews depressed him. "Some were tentative, saying this presumably great book would require study; others were cavalier, dismissing it as madness; and others impudent, assuming it was an interminably protracted bad joke." But he was cheered by some, including one which appeared in *Osservatore Romano,* "which shrewdly insisted that the book was spiritual and so countered the realistic spirit of the nineteenth century; this judgment . . . enchanted Joyce."

The vastness of Joyce's literary achievement is brilliantly analyzed by Ellmann, as he records the story of Joyce's life. Thus, the work is a superbly wrought parallel study. The life and the art are never apart, so that Ellmann's critical appraisal runs through the entire book. The biography is truly a massive thing, justly celebrating the fictional giant of our time. The record seems complete.

This biography of James Joyce will stand with honor beside the work of the honored. No one has done more for a subject in the history of literary biography.

Impersonations

ADD A DASH OF PITY. By Peter Ustinov. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

AS ANY devotee of the parlor screen can tell you, Peter Ustinov is one of television's larger gifts: that terribly funny young man with a nearly total and lethal command of national accent and mannerism, who turns up impenetrably disguised as a post-Nazi customs inspector, a Parisian gendarme, an impoverished Polish count, or what you will. Broadway patrons will remember with affection his writing of, and performance in, "Romanoff and Juliet."

Recently Mr. Ustinov has appeared for his American audience in a new guise, that of a short story writer, and Little, Brown has selected eight of his stories for this book.

Impersonations are rarely sentimental, and Ustinov's acting is amusing in part because of a certain cold objectivity, not to say malice. The same quality stamps his fiction. Ustinov the Writer employs so sweeping a viewpoint that he can contrast four or five "national" personalities in a single paragraph.

Perhaps it is this largeness of view that prevents his individual characters from being more than arresting. Sketches of contemporary Soviet writers (in "The Wingless Icarus"), of a Hungarian composer (in "The Man Who Took It Easy"), of a Czech couple in New York ("A Word in the World's Ear"), and a batch of Axis army officers ("The Aftertaste") are interesting and sometimes funny because, for the moment, they do convey some reasonably high-level observations about cultural differences.

On this—high—level, the Czechs and the Germans and the English and the Russians and the Italians and the Americans all catch it, in their turns, exactly as they do on Peter Ustinov's televised mimicry. A possible clue to their success is the inevitable audience reaction which is not, indeed, pure amusement. What Ustinov treats us to is gleeful sensations of superiority. His target-characters undeniably are funny and pathetic; but we wind up with feelings that they are funny and pathetic *because* they are English, or Italian, or German, or Russian, or American. It is a form of traditional humor that is now dated; perhaps it can still be successful on the T.V. screen, while one rarely has a moment to think, when it cannot be on the page where one has all the time in the world.

Mr. Ustinov's prose is crisp and "telling." He writes excellent journalese, and is usually gifted with an ability for dialogue, as demonstrated in the title story:

" 'You crossed the River Rizzio on the 29th of November. That is common knowledge.'

" 'If you know it, sir, it must be.' "

Only occasionally does he lapse into sentences like:

"She had known what it was to love, and therefore she had known what it was to live."

One's final feeling on closing the book is that Mr. Ustinov is a delightful impostor, and that this time he has chosen to impersonate a writer of fiction.

Postwar Novelist

MARK OF SHAME. By Willi Heinrich. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.

By WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

MR. HEINRICH has been called a German James Jones, and the comparison is a just one. Both began their careers with big, sprawling, impressive war novels heavily laced with nostalgic irony and sex, and both turned subsequently to the home front and the returned soldier's further disillusionment. Both are imbued with an earnest cynicism and are devoid of ideas. Both regard their cynicism as moral fervor and their commonplace observations on human nature as a revelation of the spirit of the times.

The similarities obtain all the way down the line. Their heroes, for example, in *Mark of Shame* and Mr. Jones's *Some Came Running* are identically unsettled veterans, befogged and aimless, with, in each case, a love for a splendid woman whom they cannot understand, and a propensity to end up in bed with tramps. Home-front types are uniformly greedy money-chasers who don't know what the war was all about and don't really give a snap about what the boys have been through. And both heroes manage to stumble into death with a final splendid irony.

If anything, James Jones comes off better in the comparison. His bulk, if you are able to read him at all, has its compensations. He convinces the reader, at least, of the existence of his characters if not of their meaningfulness, and he does on occasion manage to be vividly

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comic, though not always with deliberation. Heinrich suffers Jones's faults with a thinness of texture that makes them all the more glaring. His plotting, as a result, has an air of fatigued improvisation. He develops elaborate plot gimmicks and then lets them drift off into nothing.

His hero, for example, Hergett Buchholz, a returning P.O.W. from Russia, comes back to Nuremberg determined to avenge his father's betrayal and death (for sheltering Jews) by his former brother-in-law. About half way through the book Hergett decides, for no expressed reason, that this was not a very good idea anyway and lets it drop there. A subplot, if it can be called that, involving some political blackmail, similarly comes to nothing before the book is over. Finally Hergett decides to return to the East Zone, apparently because he is bored with the bourgeois decadence of the West, and meets his ironic finale.

Mark of Shame, for all that, is not without its sociological interest. The New Germany of Volkswagens and electric dishwashers, is presented as very much the Old Germany of political connivery and basically Prussian instincts. It is scarcely surprising that Heinrich is a highly controversial figure in Germany. On the other hand, neither the Russians nor the Americans come off much better. If the book says anything effectively it is that Germany's Angry Young Men, as the Angry Young Men elsewhere, owe their loyalties to themselves and not much to anything or anyone else.

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A Brief Life

A FLORENTINE PORTRAIT: St. Philip Benizi. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Sheed and Ward. $3.

By PHILIP BURNHAM

THE PORTRAIT Mr. Lewis makes is a short one, less than one hundred and fifty pages, and that is its principal merit and most disappointing limitation. The well attested facts about this very eminent thirteenth-century saint are presented succinctly and objectively, and with winning modesty. His life is sifted from any careless legend and kept safe from the intrusion of the personality and possible prejudices of the author. But, although the style is expert and sprightly, the picture is neither evocative nor lively.

The wonder of Florence at the time of St. Philip—and Dante—is sketched so elliptically that we are left knowing the names of many superb buildings and of tumultuous families and parties, but not much more of their meaning. The sanctity of St. Philip is stated but not richly demonstrated, and part is stated with excessive restraint. He was a peacemaker in a violent period, which our period would greatly value; but we are shown little of the way he made peace.

The seven founders of the Servite Order, and St. Philip, the fifth, and probably greatest general of the Order (from 1267 to 1285), were most remarkable in attracting vigorous, unlikely candidates to "conversion," to their Order, and to sanctity. This element and power of holiness Mr. Lewis acutely notes, more appreciatively and reasonably than hagiographers usually do, but his style does not permit him to make enough of his insight. He does not undertake the lengthier and more revealing labor of musing and studying, speculating and imagining. Mr. Lewis would doubtless be the first to agree that his portrait of the Florentine is a decidedly reticent British kind of portrait.

REVIEWERS

Thomas E. Cassidy is a member of the English Department at Southern Illinois University.

Jean Holzhauer, a regular contributor, has written for *The Critic, Today* and other publications.

William J. Smith is one of the editors of *Atomic Industrial Forum*, a magazine devoted to the industrial uses of atomic energy.

Philip Burnham contributes a regular column to these pages.

BRAINWASHING
exposed by one who survived it

In 1951 Father Winance, a Belgian missionary in Chengtu province, was arrested as a "counter-revolutionary." Interned by the Reds for 18 months, he personally underwent "hsio hsi"—brainwashing—and observed its devastating effectiveness in penetrating to the very recesses of captive minds, transforming beliefs, loyalties and loves.

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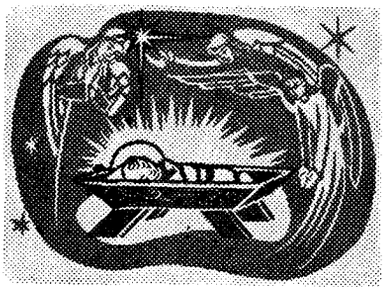

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RECORDS

Recent Choral Works

SEVERAL recent releases are something of an event by reason of their artistry, repertoire or both. By coincidence, many of these eventful issues are choral works.

Two are Bach offerings: the "Mass in B Minor" and the "St. Matthew Passion." Eugen Jochum directs the Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra and singers Lois Marshall, Hertha Toepper, Peter Pears, Kim Borg and Hans Braun in the former (Epic), while Karl Richter directs the Munich Bach Chorus, Orchestra and Boys Choir and soloists Ernst Haefliger, Kieth Engen, Antonie Fahberg, Max Proebstl, Irmgard Seefried, Miss Toepper and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the Passion (Archive Production by Deutsche-Grammophon).

Jochum, who sometimes plods, gives us here a Mass distinguished for its bright and joyful reverence. His sopranos do not have quite the sweetness or serene benignity of Emmy Loose in the old but still great Westminster recording by Scherchen, and his choral strands have a tendency to clot at times. But in all other respects, and especially in the sonic splendor of stereo, Jochum's is the preferred edition. So, too, is Richter's St. Matthew Passion which has all the depth and solidity of Epic's sound, but is more spacious and directionally differentiated and is, moreover, blessed by singers consistently impeccable and heartfelt. Here, too, the honored Westminster, Scherchen-directed album must yield to the newcomer.

Sir Thomas Beecham, that glorious octogenarian, heaps more glory on himself with a superb performance in English of Haydn's "The Seasons" (Capitol-EMI). The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Beecham Choral Society and Elsie Morison, Alexander Young and Michael Langdon make of this literal "nature music" a thing of uncommon beauty under the deft and witty Beecham. Haydn himself was not a little embarrassed because he had accepted a commission to compose this seemingly naive work; he called parts of it "Frenchified trash." But as Donald Tovey remarked more than a century later, Haydn's comment was "unfortunate" because his self-criticism "amounted to exactly what any fool can say beforehand." What Haydn blushed at, said Tovey, were the "most negligible" features of a really great work. Haydn's enormous (and still not very widely recognized) power of choral composition and Sir Thomas's affinity for the buoyant and the vivacious are brilliantly displayed in this three-record set.

Stravinsky conducts a fine performance of his own composition, "Threni" (Columbia), a setting of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Though he limits himself in this work to a 12-tone scale, Stravinsky breaks out of the usual restrictions of the serial row by employing flashes of strong rhythm and introducing patches of tonality. The soloists are busy with short, canonic duets punctuated by sun and whispered syllables from the Schola Cantorum. The orchestra is used only in sections to furnish a chamber setting for the singers. "Threni" is more than a matter of structural precision or technical novelty—it expresses the prophet's sorrow, penitence and faith in a manner that stirs the soul and excites the mind. This is certainly the strongest case ever made for the dodecaphonic cerebrations associated with Schoenberg.

* * *

English composers Byrd, Gibbons, Morley, Dowland and others are handsomely served by the Pro Music of New York in a recording of Elizabethan and Jacobean Ayres, Madrigals and Dances (Decca). Gibbon's London Street Cries and Hume's apostrophe to Tobacco are two of the most interesting items in the set.

Artur Rubinstein, at seventy, is a man of apparently undiminish-

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able technical skill and poetic sensitivity, for he exhibits both in two recent recordings: Chopin's Second Piano Concerto and Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise; and Brahm's Second Piano Concerto (both on Victor). The former album contains notes and pictures of the performer and is titled, "The Rubinstein Story."

One of the choicest of recent chamber releases is "The Virtuoso Oboe" (Vanguard) which features oboist Andre Lardrot with the Vienna State Opera Chamber Orchestra under Felix Prohaska in four oboe concertos by Cimarosa, Handel, Haydn and Albinoni. This is energetic baroque fare that manages to be sweet and astringent at the same time and, while the oboe is not the most apt of concerto instruments, Lardrot is delightfully projected against a background of superb string playing.

Ernest Ansermet and his Suisse Romande Orchestra have released two admirable two-record albums of the Nutcracker and Swan Lake ballets (London) that must be put immediately at the top of the list. These versions are less than the complete score but more than the usual excerpts or highlights that clutter up record shop counters and Schwann's catalogue. As such, they include a sizable number of rarely heard scenes on which Tchaikovsky poured some of his most affecting melodic inspirations.

Also Notable

Mahler: Symphony No. 5; London Symphony Orchestra, Schwarz (Everest)

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2; London Symphony Orchestra, Monteux (Victor)

Handel: Arias, Oberlin (Decca)

Handel: Arias, Lewis (Capitol-EMI)

Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro, Leinsdorf (Victor)

Vivaldi: L'Estro Armonico, Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Rossi—a stereo re-issue (Vanguard)

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